Route 12
Frederick, Md. 21701

August 5, 1977

To Whom It May Concern:

My name is Harold Weisberg. I am a writer. I am 64 years of age. I live near Frederick, Md.

I have known Floyd Lamore for about three years. In all this time and particularly when I was having serious medical difficulties, he has been a thoroughly responsible person who regularly went out of his way to be helpful, often when without his help I would not have had help.

I have observed him with other college students under a variety of situations, some difficult for him, and on all occasions found him to be responsible. I recall one such specific incident at the University of Maryland where students from other universities treated him badly and did not meet their commitments. By his personal behavior he salvaged what could have been a bad situation.

There have been situations where other students looked to him for leadership he was able to supply to make their ventures successful. On some of these occasions he consulted me.

In none of our relationships has he been selfish. Quite the opposite.

From what I have observed of what he has done and the way he has done it, I believe he has special gifts I would very much like for him to be able to develop and pursue. I believe they can and would be socially useful if he has the opportunity. He is particularly effective in personal-contact work of a public relations nature. My knowledge of this includes his arranging small private meetings, his organizing other students, his arranging for large public meetings and his making presentations to the Congress.

From a professor at a distant university I know of the good influence Mr. Lamore has exerted on students there, leading them to more responsible approaches on controversial questions.

I am aware that he is now under charges. I make this statement for such use as his lawyer may wish to make of it. In part, this is because from our relationship he has earned it, in part because from what I know of him I cannot believe he is guilty of robbing. If he had need of money, he could have borrowed it from me. He has more than earned that, as I explain below.

Toward the end of April 1975, when I was in New York City to address a symposium at the New York University Law School, I was taken ill with pneumonia and pleurisy and was quite weak. When the New York doctor released me to return home for further medical care, it was with the restriction that I not try to drive my own car which was parked near the railroad station in Baltimore. This is about 60 miles from my home. I phoned Mr. Lamore, explained the situation to him and asked if he could help. He and another student met the train. The second student drove my car and me to my home. They then returned to their homes in Mr. Lamore's van.

For this and a number of similar favors Mr. Lamore would accept no compensation.

Following this illness there was a period of time during which I was weak. When I had to travel, Mr. Lamore insisted on providing transportation for me. This lasted through that period of convalescence. It entailed a number of trips to Washington, which meant that for each trip he had to drive here from Adelphi, then to Washington,

then back here and then to his own home.

In October 1975 I was hospitalized for what turned out to be acute thrombophlebitis. Mr. Lamore, on learning of this hospitalization, offered to get up early that morning to get here in time to have me in Washington before 9.a.m. That he did not do this is only because the staff director of a Congressional committee wanted to use that time to consult with me in planning a hearing. Mr. Lamore, however, picked me up when I left the hospital and delivered me to my home. While I was hospitalized he had other students drop by to see if I had any needs or just to keep me company in addition to doing this himself.

After I left the hospital, it was unwise for me to drive. Mr. Lamore saw to it that on any and all occasions when I needed transportation I had it. When he could not provide it, he arranged for other students to do so. This entailed quite a few trips to and from Washington and the airport.

When my doctor first released me to travel and make public appearances, it turned out to be premature. That was the next month, in mid-November 1975. The occasion was a debate I had at Vanderbilt University with David Belin, who had been director of the Rockefeller Commission. Mr. Lamore, who provided me with transportation to and from the airport, also insisted on going along at his own expense so I would not be alone. His fears turned out to be justified and he was of great help and importance to me.

By the next morning my legs and feet were so swollen I could not get shoes on. I could barely walk. I was single-loaded onto the airline when its personnel saw my condition. Mr. Lamore arranged for wheelchairs for me. He handled them personally. When we were back in Washington, he took me first to my doctor and then to my home.

Not long thereafter, when I was to address a college audience in Detroit, he again insisted on going along at his own expense. He also provided my transportation to and from the Washington airport although I had to take an early-morning plane. While I did not have the same trouble on that occasion, it did tire me too much and his aid was invaluable.

Since I was taken ill I have not been able to do work that is necessary. When I was not able to obtain local help, Mr. Lamore arranged to do this work with the help of student friends. I remember the packing and transporting to a warehouse of several thousand books, work that extended over a period of several days. We have a large outdoor fishpond about 200 feet long. The dam that supplied it with fresh water was damaged. Mr. Lamore and friends he brought with him came to make emergency repairs so the tame fish, enjoyed by the entire neighborhood, might survive.

There has been no occasion since I was taken ill on which he has not offered help when he thought I might need it and on those occasions when I did need help he did provide it.

I know that he was hospitalized in the recent past but I was unable to visit him in hospital. I have been told by others that it was a dangerous illness with an exceptionally high fever. From a few things he mentioned in the past without going into detail, I believe he was scarred by his experiences in Vietnam.

In all my dealings with him I have found him to be a good, a considerate, a thoughtful and a very helpful person.

Sincerely,

Harold Weisberg